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THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

INDIANA JONES™

Stan Lee presents: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

INDIANA JONES

THE DEVIL'S CRADLE
ONLY MOMENTS AGO, INDIANA JONES LEAPT FROM THE DOOMED AIRCRAFT OF EDITH DUNNE INTO A STORM DRIVEN AFTERNOON AND BEGAN JERKING AND SWAYING TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN BELOW.
FOR A FEW SECONDS NOW, THERE IS A LULL IN THE THUNDER THAT BOOMS BETWEEN THE PEAKS AND THE WIND BEARS UP TO HIM THE SOUND OF --
GUNFIRE! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT SOMEBODY. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE PLANE!
BAM
BAM
BAM

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INDY CONTINUES TO FALL TOWARD--
WE DONE GOT 'IM CORNERED.
WAL SHOOT 'IM AND GIT DONE WITH IT!
NO SHOOTIN' ROUND THESE PARTS. WE ALLUS USE A ROPE.
THEN HANG 'IM, DANG YEZ!
YEW AN' YER DANG TRADITIONS!
WAL, THERE'S A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY--
--AN' I BELIEVE IN DOIN' THINGS THE RIGHT WAY.
LOOKS LIKE I'VE DROPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF AN OLD-FASHIONED LYNCH MOB.
SHOULD BE INTERESTING TO WATCH. I MIGHT EVEN GET A PAPER FOR THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY FROM IT. MAKE THE VICTIM FAMOUS.
OF COURSE, THAT WON'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD. I'D BE A FOOL TO INTERFERE.
IT'S NOT MY BUSINESS... IT'S NOT MY FIGHT...
I'M AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, NOT THE CAVALRY! I'M NOT IN THE LAST-MINUTE RESCUE BUSINESS.
...BUT IT'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO DO!

WHAT TH--
SNAP!
STAND BACK, GENTLEMEN AND KEEP YOUR HANDS IN SIGHT.
IF ANY OF YOU SO MUCH AS TWITCHES AN EYEBROW--
--IT'LL BE BE RAINING ON YOUR BRAINS.
SHALL WE GO?
YES, I'LL LEAD.
GOOD IDEA...ESPECIALLY SINCE I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT STATE I'M IN...
...MUCH LESS WHERE TO RUN.
NUTS! I FORGOT!
WHAT?
AHEAD THERE, IN THE ROAD...IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
F-WINGG
BLAM!
F-WHINGG
TO COLLECT THEIR GUNS.

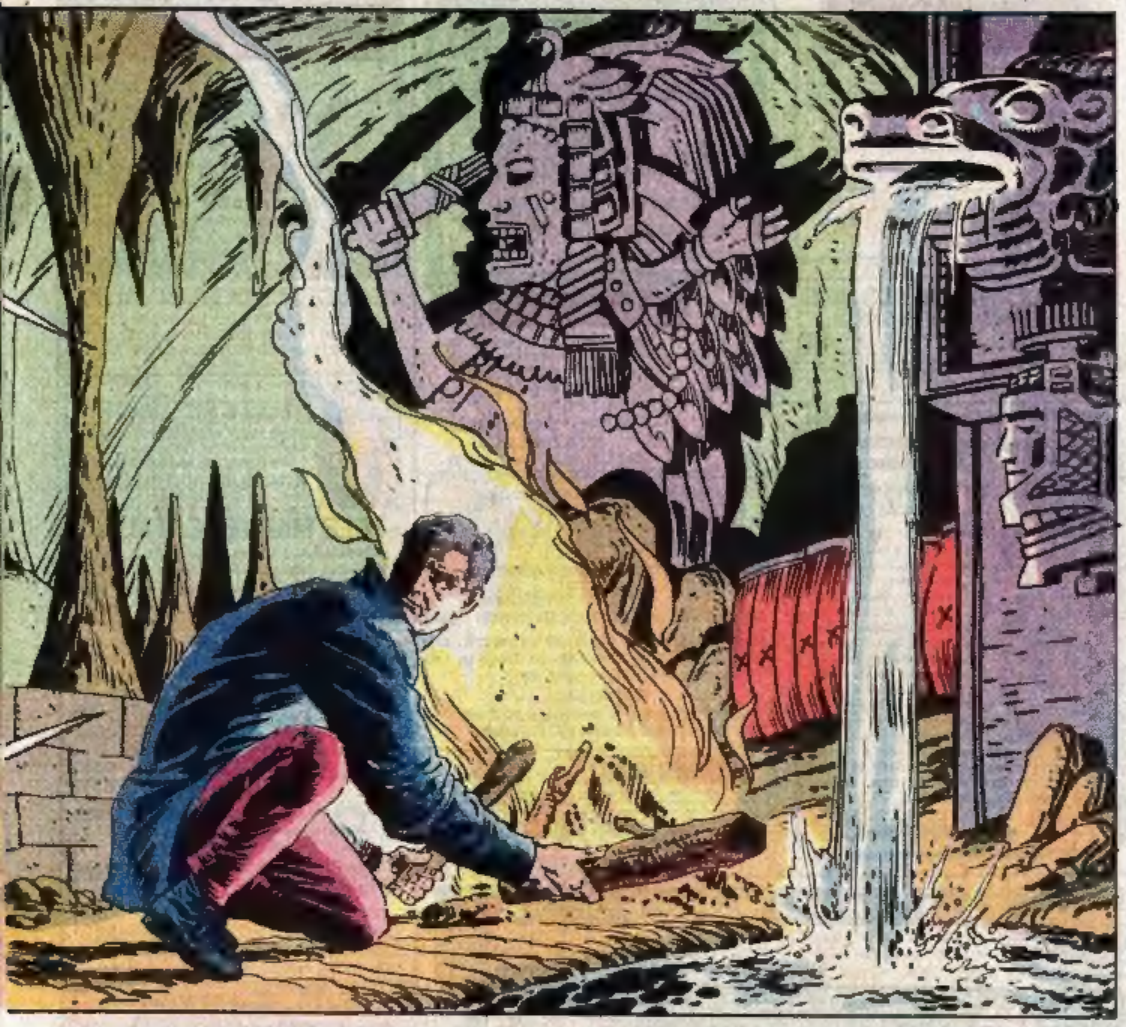
AN ARMY TRUCK--!
YES, WE HAD TO TURN IT OVER. THE SOLDIERS DON'T WANT GRANDFATHER TO MAKE HIS ELIXIR.
ELIXIR?
YES. OF IMMORTALITY.
YOU'RE TELLING ME YOUR... GRANDFATHER IS IT?-- CONCOCTS SOME SORT OF ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY?
YES, THAT IS WHAT I TOLD YOU.
I THINK WE ARE SAFE, SIR.
THERE THEY ARE BOYS -- THE SABO-TEURS--
--BRING 'EM TO ME DEAD OR ALIVE AND YOU'LL GET A MEDAL...OR MY NAME AIN'T BULLDOG HANNIGAN--
--COLONEL BULLDOG HANNIGAN, THAT IS.
BDAK
BDAK
DAK
KWANGG
THEY'RE ANGRY-- BECAUSE OF THE TRUCK!
NOW THE ARMY, YOU AREN'T AWFULLY POPULAR, ARE YOU?
AROUND THE NEXT BEND. A BRIDGE WILL TAKE US TO SAFETY.
THIS IS THE BRIDGE? I'D RATHER FACE THE RIFLES.
WE MUST HURRY.

BELIEVE ME, I WON'T STAY ON THIS THING A SECOND LONGER THAN I HAVE TO.
THAR THEY BE--
-N THEY WON'T GIT AWAY THIS TIME!
THE LOCAL WELCOME WAGON'S FOUND US AGAIN.
NO SENSE A WASTIN' A BULLET--
--WE'LL JIST CUT LOOSE THE BRIDGE--
--'N LET THE MOUNTAIN KILL 'EM!
WHA--?
GRAB HOLD!

HANG ON!
THE FALL WOULDN'T HAVE HURT US...
...BUT THE SUDDEN STOP AT THE END...
BLAM
KLAK
B-DANG
I DO NOT UNDER-STAND.
NEVER MIND. OLD JOKE. BAD OLD JOKE.
LUCK IS WITH US--FOR ONCE! THOSE YOKOLS CAN HARDLY SEE US THROUGH THE MIST, AND MOST OF THEIR BULLETS ARE MISFIRING FROM THE DAMP!
LET'S JUST SCRAMBLE UP THIS "ROPE-LADDER" AS FAST AS WE CAN...
...AND GET THE HECK AWAY FROM HERE!

YOU CAN FOLLOW THIS PATH DOWN TO A RAILROAD. IT WILL CARRY YOU BEYOND DANGER.
THANKS, BUT I'D RATHER MEET YOUR GRANDFATHER--AND MAYBE SAMPLE SOME OF HIS ELIXIR.
CALL IT PROFESSIONAL CURIOSITY--PROFESSIONAL SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY.
OF COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN AN ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY. BUT AN ARCHEOLOGIST SHOULD KEEP AN OPEN MIND.
--AND A FEW MONTHS AGO I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF AN ANCIENT JEWISH RELIC, EITHER. I SAW IT DESTROY A NAZI REGIMENT.
WE MUST GO THERE--
--BELOW WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE DEVIL'S CRADLE.
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
GRANDFATHER!
WHAT HO, WHITLING DOLT!

DULLARD! WHY BRING YOU THIS FELLOW TO OUR CELL? KNOW YOU NOT OUR ENTERPRISE REQUIRES SECRECY?
AH, WELL, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. COME YOU OUT OF THE BLOWING AND WETTING AND MAKE YOU WARM BY THE FIRE.
I AM CALLED PROSPERO.
I'M INDIANA JONES.
INDIANA? STRANGE NAME--KNAVISH NAME! BE YOU MAN OR PLACE? MAYCHANCE YOU BE RED INDIAN?
NOT. THEN SIT. PRITHEE, SIT!
YOUR... AH--GRANDSON SAID YOU'RE MIXING AN ELIXIR!
GRANDSON, INDEED. AND A DIMMER OFF-SPRING NONE MAY HOPE FOR. BUT MAY BE 'TIS HIS YOUTH. HE'S BARELY SEEN HIS TWO HUNDREDTH YEAR.
AS TO THE ELIXIR... NATURE AND HER FAIR POWERS PROVIDE THE WATER THAT PROVIDES THE LONG LIFE. I PROVIDE ONLY CERTAIN SKILLS WHICH GIVE IT POTENCY.
YOU USE THIS SPECIAL WATER TO CONCOCT THE STUFF?
AYE! I SEARCH ALL OVER FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF SPRING, THEN MOVE ON WHEN IT'S USED UP. THIS ONE I FOUND ONLY THREE MONTHS PAST.
NOW 'TIS ENDANGERED BY THE SOLDIERS--
THEY'RE AFRAID IT WILL ROLL DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND CAUSE A LAND-SLIDE--
"--FOR THEY PLAN TO BLOW YON GREAT ROCK DOWN ON THE WATER AN' THIS CAVE."
--AND BURY THEIR CAMP. I SEE.
AN' WELL THEY MIGHT HAVE SUCH FEAR, FOR IT WILL HAPPEN!



I HAVE O'ER TURNED ONE OF THEIR FUME-BELCHING CHARIOTS--
THE TRUCK WE SAW.
--AN' STOLEN FULL MEASURE OF THEIR KEGGED THUNDER.

SOON'S THE RAIN ABATES WE'LL SET IT OFF THE ROCK WILL ROLL--
--AND DOZENS OF INNOCENT SOLDIERS WILL BE BURIED. I'M AFRAID I CAN'T PERMIT THAT...
HE MEANS BLASTING POWDER.

YOURS IS NOT A PERMISSION TO GIVE!
BEG PARDON?
ACH! SOMETIMES I FORGET WHICH COUNTRY I AM IN.

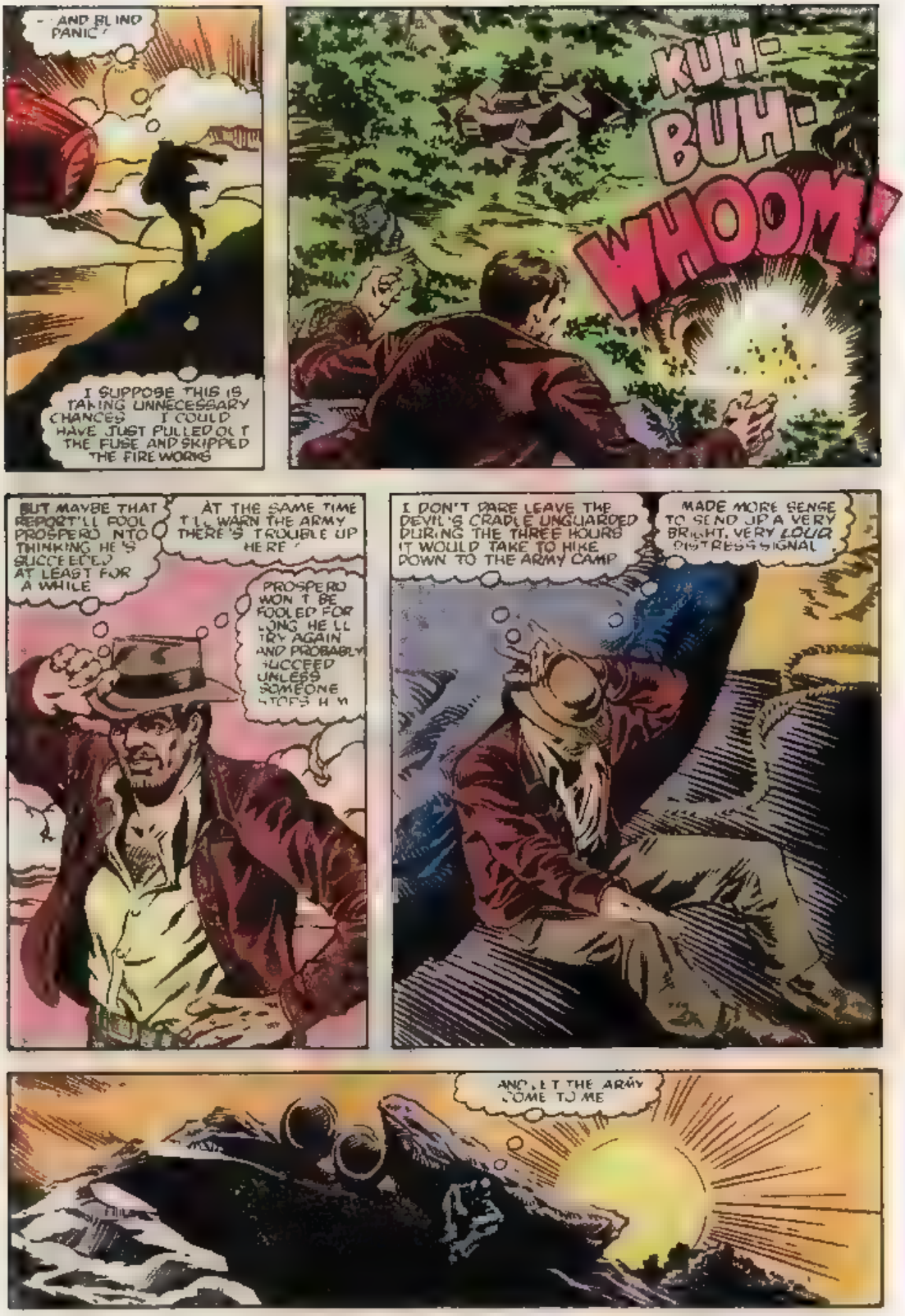
SOMETIMES WHICH CENTURY.
YOU THINK TO LEAVE? COME AHEAD. I'LL NOT ALLOW IT.
I DON'T LIKE TO ROUGH UP SOMEBODY OLDER THAN MYSELF... BUT YOU DON'T GIVE ME ANY CHOICE!

SOK
GRAND FATHER YOU DRANK ELIX R RECENTLY?
AYE, LESS THAN AN HOUR'S TIME AGO
THAT'S GOOD THAT'S VERY GOOD!
IT CHARGES ME WITH LIFE MOST GREATLY-
NOW, THERE IS A COINCIDENCE HE'S STRONG AS BULLS - - AND GUESS WHAT KIND OF WHIP TH S IS!
A USELESS ONE
AM I RIGHT?
THUD

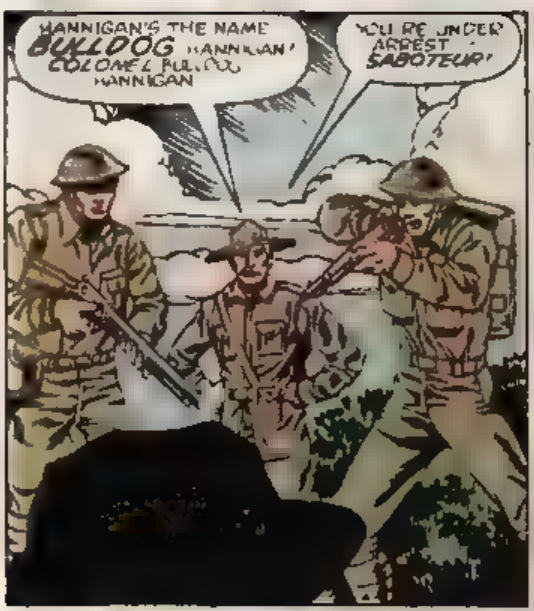
I HATE TO USE THIS, BUT AS I SAID - YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE!
THESE FIRST SHOTS'LL BE JUST WARNING SHOTS
KLIK KLIK KLIK
MISFIRE!
CHEAP - LOUSY CUT RATE BULLETS--!
YOU SEE WHY I WAIT TILL THE RAIN'S NO MORE? WET DOTH HARM KEGGED THUNDER!
IT SURE - UNGH- DOTH!
METHINKS IT DOTH HARM YOU AS WELL--
- OR IS IT MY FIST?
SOK
SPLASH
AT LEAST HE HIT ME WHERE I
WANTED TO BE!

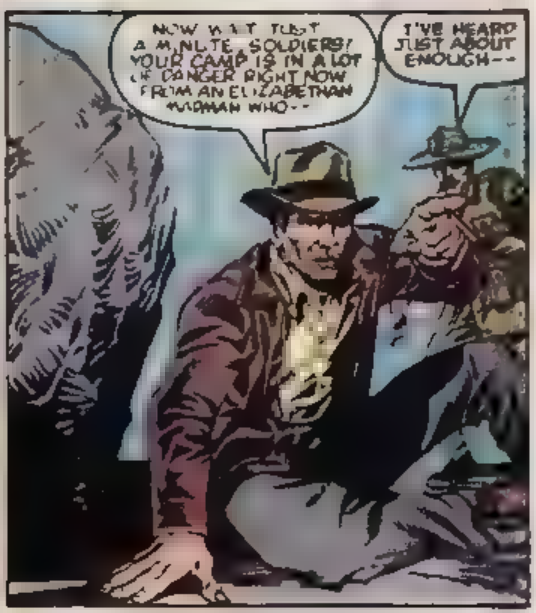
SOMETIME LATER.
UNNNN
PARDON THE CLICHÉ BUT.
WHERE AM I?
BOUND TO THE DEVIL'S C[illegible]
GRANDFATHER IS PREPARING TO BLOW IT LOOSE I WATCHED THE SOLDIERS TO LEARN HOW
GRANDFATHER, IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY? AFTER ALL, HE DID SAVE ME FROM THE LOCALS WHO WANTED TO HANG ME!
DO AS YOU ARE BID, YOUNGLING, AND QUEST ON NOT THE WISDOM OF YOUR ELDERS!
I'M SORRY, INDIANA. YOU SEE HOW IT IS.
I DO SEE
SINCE YOU SKIMPED ON THE LAST MEAL PROSPERO HOW ABOUT ANSWERING THE CONDEMNED MAN'S FINAL QUESTION: WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST KILL ME IN THE CAVE?
SLAY THEE, SIRRAH? NEVER I. NEVER PROSPERO PROSPERO OOTH WORSHIP LIFE NEVER WOULD I TAKE IT!
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?
PUFFING FREE A BIG ROCK STARTING AN AVALANCHE.
MAYCHANCE THE ROCK AND AVALANCHE WILL DO YOU IN, BUT 'T'WILL BE NO DOING OF MINE!
YOU'D GET ALONG FINE WITH THE PHILOSOPHY PROFESSORS BACK AT THE UNIVERSITY
FARE THEE WELL
FAT CHANCE
THOSE ROPES LOOK WAY TOO THICK TO BREAK BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TRYING

SNAP
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED
I GOT A MOUTH FULL OF THE ELIXIR WHEN PROSPERO KNOCKED ME INTO THE TUB. TASTED LIKE A COMBINATION OF NEHI GRAPE AND SOAP--UGH!
BUT I DIDN'T REALLY THINK IT WOULD GIVE ME PROSPERO'S EXTRA MUSCLE!
HE USED A SLOW-BURNING FUSE TO GIVE THEM PLENTY OF TIME TO ESCAPE!
--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TIME'S RUNNING OUT
MATH T HASN'T!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWED! THIS ROPE WASN'T BROKEN, IT'S BEEN CUT!
PROSPERO'S GRANDSON SEEMED AWFULLY RELUCTANT TO BLOW ME TO SMITHEREENS
HE MUST HAVE DONE IT WHEN THE OLD GUY WASN'T LOOKING, TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! SO MUCH FOR SUPER-STRENGTH!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY! OLD FASHIONED MUSCLE -

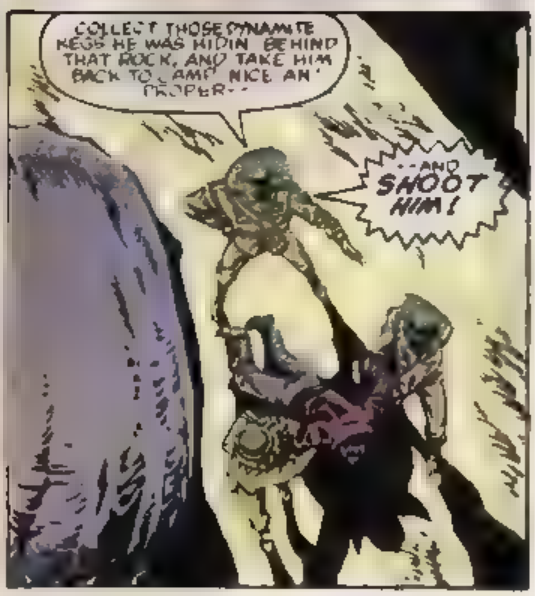

- AND BLIND PANIC
I SUPPOSE THIS IS TAKING UNNECESSARY CHANCES I COULD HAVE JUST PULLED OUT THE FUSE AND SKIPPED THE FIREWORKS
KUH-
BUH-
WHOOM!
BUT MAYBE THAT REPORT'LL FOOL PROSPERO INTO THINKING HE'S SUCCEEDED AT LEAST FOR A WHILE
AT THE SAME TIME I'LL WARN THE ARMY THERE'S TROUBLE UP HERE
PROSPERO WON'T BE FOOLED FOR LONG HE'LL TRY AGAIN AND PROBABLY SUCCEED UNLESS SOMEONE STOPS HIM
I DON'T DARE LEAVE THE DEVIL'S CRADLE UNGUARDED DURING THE THREE HOURS IT WOULD TAKE TO HIKE DOWN TO THE ARMY CAMP
MADE MORE SENSE TO SEND UP A VERY BRIGHT, VERY LOUD DISTRESS SIGNAL
AND LET THE ARMY COME TO ME

THERE HE IS, BOYS!
CLICK!
HUNH? WHAT?
CLICK!

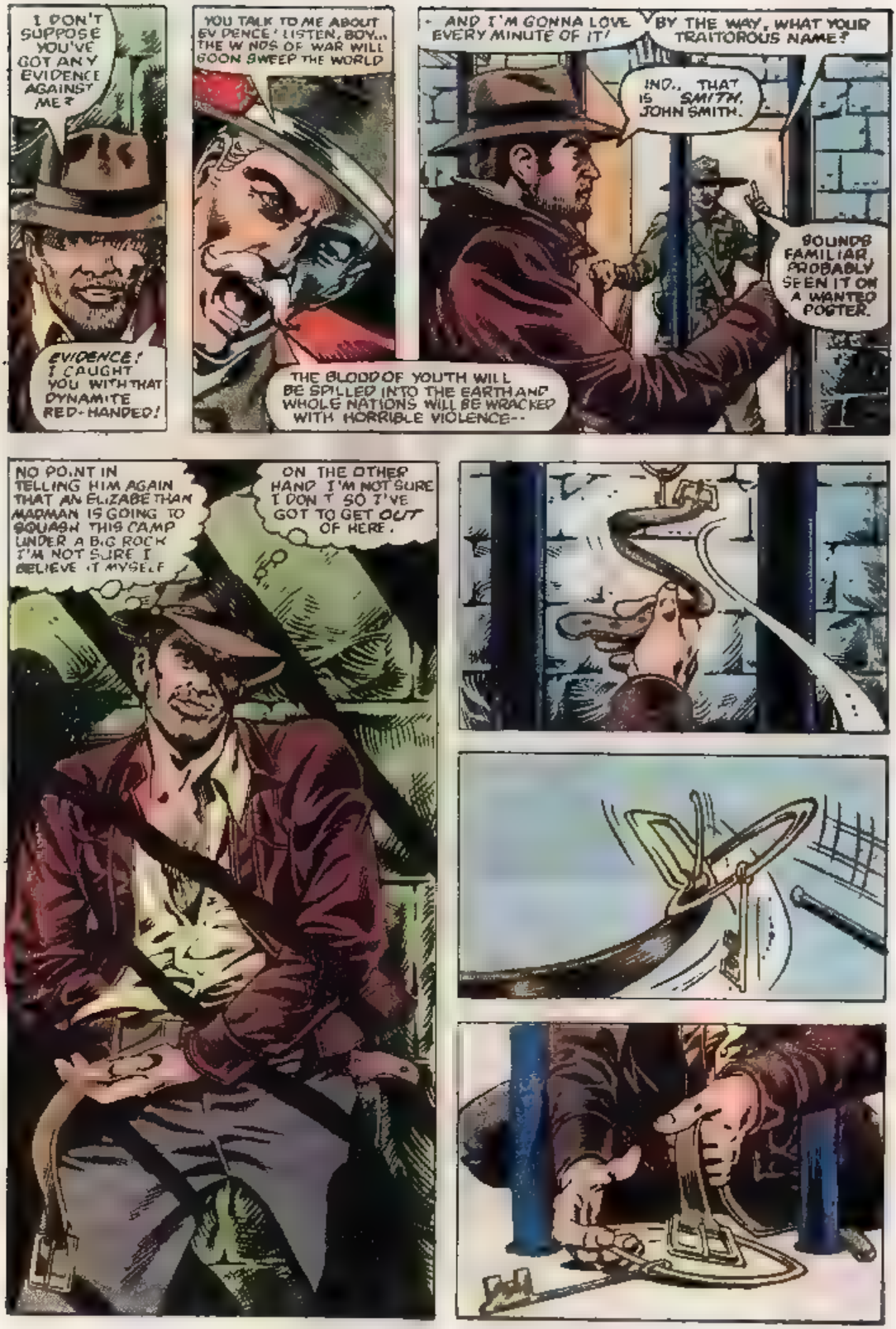

HANNIGAN'S THE NAME
BULLDOG HANNIGAN, COLONEL BULLDOG HANNIGAN
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SABOTEUR!

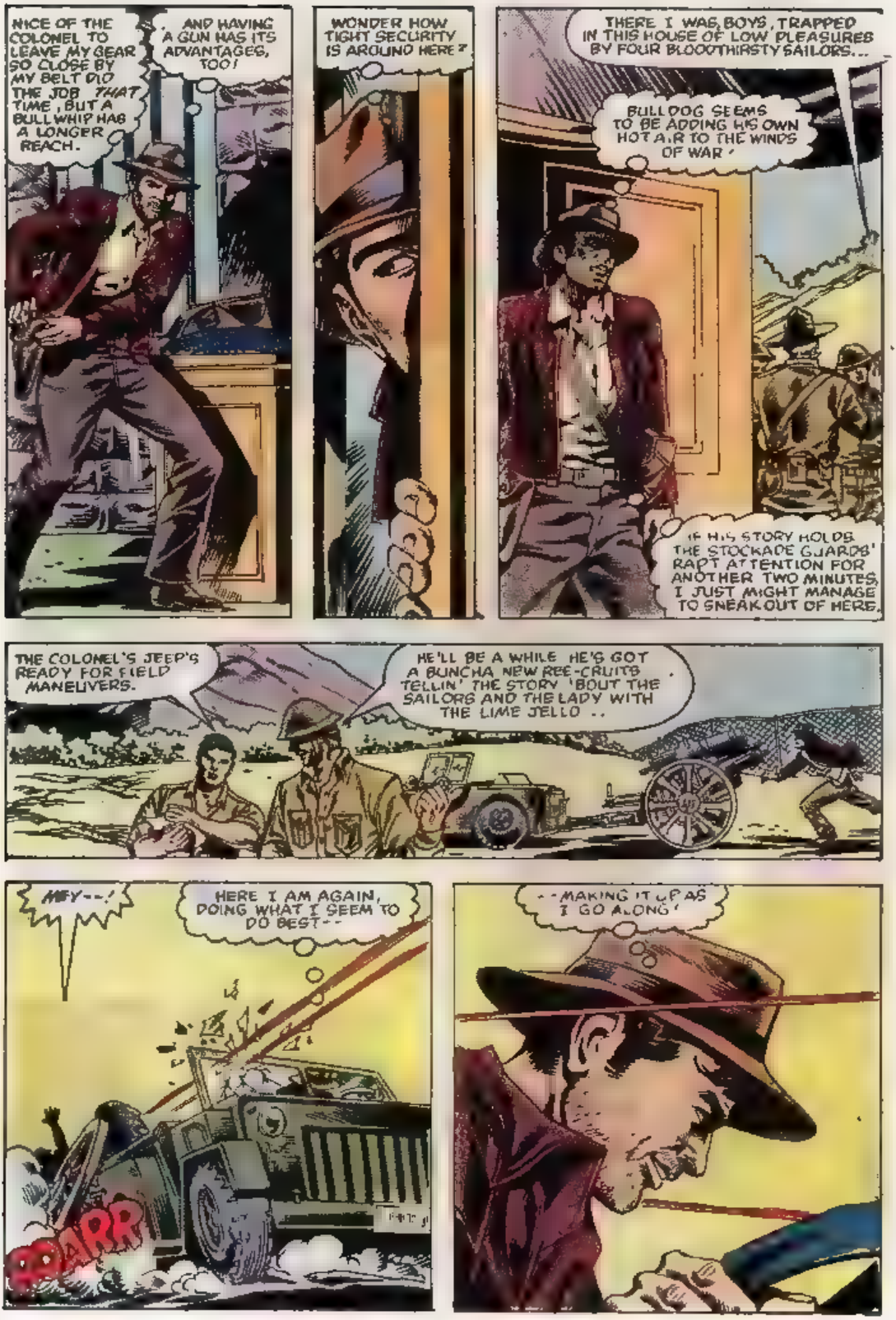

NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE, SOLDIERS! YOUR CAMP IS IN A LOT OF DANGER RIGHT NOW FROM AN ELIZABETHAN MADMAN WHO--
I'VE HEARD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH--

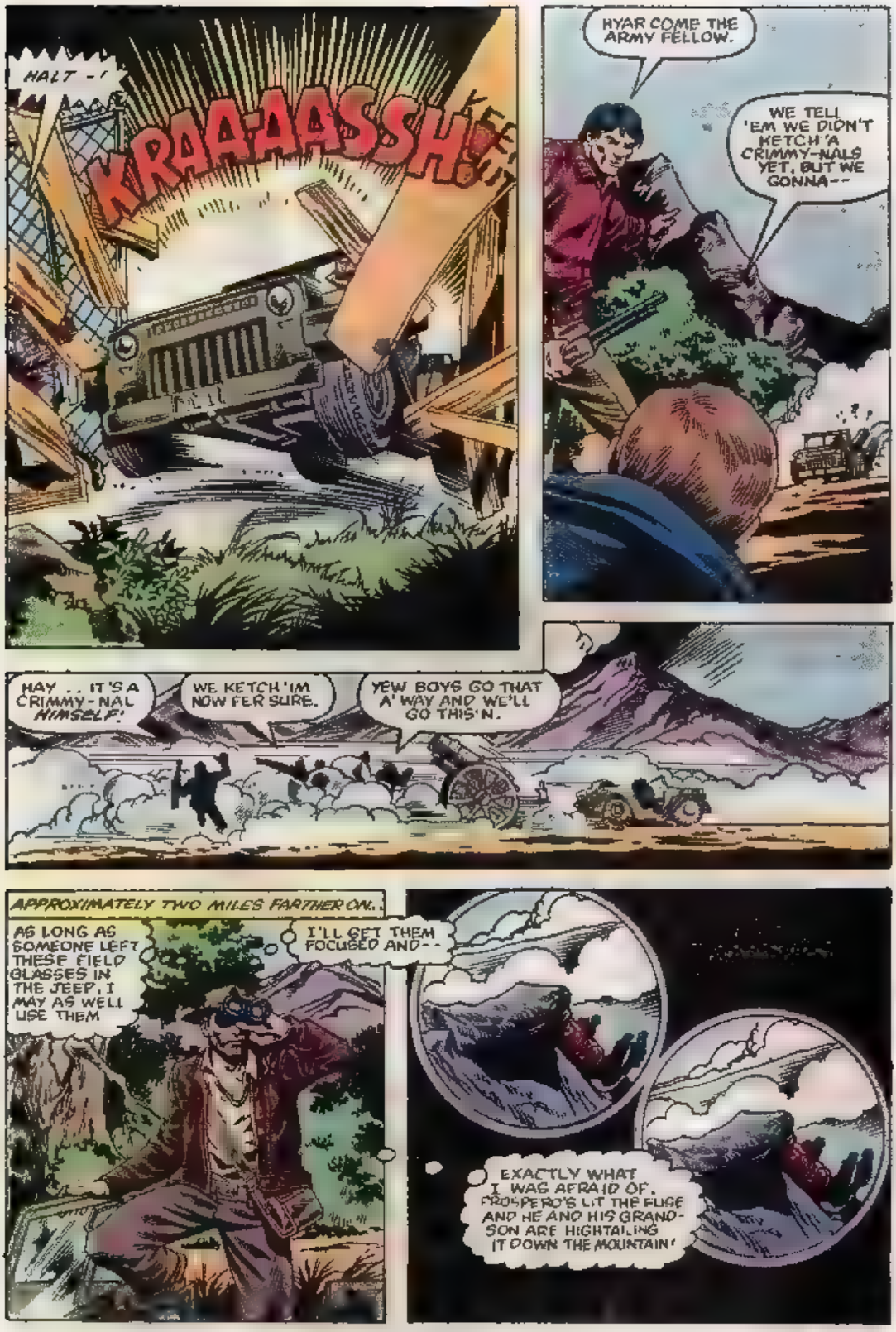
-TRAITOR!
KLOP
UNNUH!


COLLECT THOSE DYNAMITE KEGS HE WAS HIDIN BEHIND THAT ROCK, AND TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP NICE AN' PROPER--
--AND SHOOT HIM!

LATER ..
YOUR SOFT-HEARTEDNESS, MAY-CHANCE, IS A SYMPTOM OF YOUR YOUTH GRANDSON
--BUT 'TIS MOST UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU EXPRESSED IT BY FREEING THAT VILLAIN OUR TRICKSTER FROM YONDER ROCK
HE SAVED MY LIFE, GRAND FATHER I HAD TO FREE HIM
AND AT YOUR TENDER AGE, I MIGHT HAVE DONE MUCH THE SAME!
BUT EVEN THOUGH YOU SAVED THE MAN , THE ROCK STILL MUST CRUMBLE
SIX MONTHS WE MUST NEEDS HAVE TO DISTILL ENOUGH ELIXIR TO LAST TILL WE FIND ANOTHER SOURCE OF THE WATER--
--AND SIX MONTHS THE TOPPLING OF THE ROCK WILL GIVE US.
THEY'LL THINK IT A NATURAL DISASTER AND LEAVE US IN PEACE.
'TIS A PITY THAT THE ELIXIR STRENGTH LASTS BUT A SHORT WHILE--
--ELSE WE SHOULD BE AT YON SUMMIT AND OUR WORK ERE NOW.
WHILE AT THE ARMY CAMP, FAR BELOW THE DEVIL'S CRADLE...
I WANTED TO PUT YOU IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD!
WHY DIDN'T YOU?
MY ADJUTANT REMINDED ME WE AREN'T OFFICIALLY AT WAR. CAN'T TREAT DIRTY TRAITORS LIKE YOU THE WAY YOU SHOULD BE TREATED
I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THROWING YOU INTO LEVEN-WORTH FOR THIRTY YEARS


I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ANY EVIDENCE AGAINST ME?
EVIDENCE! I CAUGHT YOU WITH THAT DYNAMITE RED-HANDED!
YOU TALK TO ME ABOUT EVIDENCE! LISTEN, BOY... THE WINDS OF WAR WILL SOON SWEEP THE WORLD
THE BLOOD OF YOUTH WILL BE SPILLED INTO THE EARTH AND WHOLE NATIONS WILL BE WRACKED WITH HORRIBLE VIOLENCE--
AND I'M GONNA LOVE EVERY MINUTE OF IT!
BY THE WAY, WHAT YOUR TRAITOROUS NAME?
IND.. THAT IS SMITH, JOHN SMITH.
SOUNDS FAMILIAR. PROBABLY SEEN IT ON A WANTED POSTER.
NO POINT IN TELLING HIM AGAIN THAT AN ELIZABETHAN MADMAN IS GOING TO SQUASH THIS CAMP UNDER A BIG ROCK I'M NOT SURE I BELIEVE IT MYSELF
ON THE OTHER HAND I'M NOT SURE I DON'T SO I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.


NICE OF THE COLONEL TO LEAVE MY GEAR SO CLOSE BY
MY BELT DID THE JOB THAT TIME, BUT A BULLWHIP HAS A LONGER REACH.
. AND HAVING A GUN HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, TOO!
WONDER HOW TIGHT SECURITY IS AROUND HERE?
THERE I WAS, BOYS, TRAPPED IN THIS HOUSE OF LOW PLEASURES BY FOUR BLOODTHIRSTY SAILORS...
BULLDOG SEEMS TO BE ADDING HIS OWN HOT AIR TO THE WINDS OF WAR.
IF HIS STORY HOLDS THE STOCKADE GUARDS' RAPT ATTENTION FOR ANOTHER TWO MINUTES, I JUST MIGHT MANAGE TO SNEAK OUT OF HERE.
THE COLONEL'S JEEP'S READY FOR FIELD MANEUVERS.
HE'LL BE A WHILE HE'S GOT A BUNCHA NEW REE-CRUITS TELLIN' THE STORY 'BOUT THE SAILORS AND THE LADY WITH THE LIME JELLO ..
HEY--!
HERE I AM AGAIN, DOING WHAT I SEEM TO DO BEST--
BARR
--MAKING IT UP AS I GO ALONG.


HALT --!
KRAA-AASSH!
HYAR COME THE ARMY FELLOW.
WE TELL 'EM WE DIDN'T KETCH 'A CRIMMY-NALS YET, BUT WE GONNA--
HAY .. IT'S A CRIMMY-NAL HIMSELF!
WE KETCH 'IM NOW FER SURE.
YEW BOYS GO THAT A' WAY AND WE'LL GO THIS'N.
APPROXIMATELY TWO MILES FARTHER ON..
AS LONG AS SOMEONE LEFT THESE FIELD GLASSES IN THE JEEP, I MAY AS WELL USE THEM
I'LL GET THEM FOCUSED AND--
EXACTLY WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF. PROSPERO'S LIT THE FUSE AND HE AND HIS GRANDSON ARE HIGHTAILING IT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN!

THE ROAD'S GOTTEN TOO STEEP FOR EVEN THIS VEHICLE AND I'D NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME ON FOOT.
I SAW ONE OF THESE THINGS DEMONSTRATED ONCE...
WISH I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION I THINK THE SHELL GOES IN HERE..
..AND THIS IS THE AIMING DEVICE.
...AND THIS SHOOTS IT
BWAA
DUHMM!
RIGHT ON TARGET THERE GOES THE DEVIL'S CRADLE
TWIOOMB!
WHAT'S LEFT OF IT IS SLIDING DOWN THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

FORTY MILES LATER AND A MILE UPWARD...
PROSPERO'S CAVE IS COMPLETELY BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK AND DIRT! SO MUCH FOR THE MAGIC SPRING
NO SIGN OF HIM OR HIS GRANDSON I GUESS THEY GOT CAUGHT IN THE BLAST!
TOO BAD.
DON'T YEW MOVE!
WE KETCHED 'IM WE GIT 'AT REE-WARD THE ARMY FELLER'S OFFERIN'!
DON'T TALK! SHOOT!
KINDA HARD TO DO WHEN YER LOOKIN' 'IM IN THE EYE BUT I'LL DO IT.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THESE I WON'T BE USING THEM
WAL, THANKEE.
SMACK
OWWWWW
YEW AIN'T A'GONNA GIT ME LIKE 'AT YEW DEAD--

BULLPEN BULLETINS

CLARIFICATIONS

Michelinie here, Jim. Look, I know you've got a tough job riding herd on the most creative bunch of loonies in the funnybook business, and I understand how the ol' gray matter can start to fray a bit at the edges. But what's all this about wanting me to guest-write a segment of *"Bullpen Bulletins"*? I mean, come *on*! What're you running, a comic book company or a hardware store?!? Since when did *Thor* become a majority stockholder? And hey, what's next? Roto-tiller reviews? The Amazing Spider-Wrench? Texas Chainsaw Comics And Stc--eh? What's that? You say, *"Bullpen Bulletins"*? Oh. Well, that's different.

Never mind.

HE AIN'T HEAVY— HE'S MY SMITH-CORONA

(Ahem) Hi. This is David Michelinie, scripter of Marvel's space-spanning saga, and I'd like to thank my buddy, Jim "Straight" Shooter, for allowing me this opportunity to hammer out a few of my gripes. To strike a blow, as it were, for equal time and to really hit the nail on the head about a few of the more cogent concerns that are rattling around in what I honestly believe to be my brain. First topic: the place of the writer in comics today. Quite simply, I'm fed-up with being treated like a second-class citizen in this biz. Just go to any major comics convention and look around — how many times do you see fans asking writers to do a *paragraph* for them? How many times do you see a *script* bringing top dollar at an auction? How many times do you see a nubile young comics groupie blowing into a writer's ear? You'd think that us hard-working type jockeys would get our fair share of adulation, but nnnoooo!

It all goes to those hunkhugginer pretty-boy artist! And why? What did they do to deserve the Heaven's Gift superstar treatment? *Nothing!* Oh, sure, some of them went to art school, and most had to learn anatomy and perspective and brush control and composition and dumb stuff like that. But look what we overlooked and overtaxed scribes have had to learn: words! And even beyond that, we're supposed to *make sense* with them! Sheesh! I guess what I'm really trying to say is that it's easy to be an artist, especially a comics artist. And as proof, I've worked up the accompanying sketches to show that *anyone* can draw comics. I trust they speak for themselves. 'Nuff said.

Hulk angry *Hulk sad* *Hulk dead*

APPLE PIE DEPT.

Hi, Mom.

MICHELANGELO

That's right, I did try touching up the premature gray at my temples a while back, but I've since let my brain-brown locks revert to their natural salt-and-chocolate splendor. I figure the touch of gray makes me look intellectual, and that should impress all of the groupies who'll look me up after seeing my Hulk sketches. (Betcha an *artist* wouldn't have thought of that!)

STAN LEE GIVES BIRTH

Another gripe I'd like to get off my chest is the indiscriminate use of deceptive copy just to get the reader's attention. I mean, how cheap can you get? What's a reader to think when he or she sees "Bomb Hits Avengers Mansion!" plastered all over an *Avengers* cover, only to find that the story inside is about Simon Williams trying out his new night-club act on his hapless friends? This misleading and deceitful use of words (see? I told you they were important!) is both reprehensible and an insult to our loyal readers. Only a microscopic mind would think to use such base trickery...and I say we should keep this kind of foolishness out of Marvel comics! Hear, hear!

DELIBERATE DAVE'S SOAPBOX

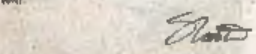
Hmm, let's see, I'm not attending any conventions this month, I haven't been invited to any Italian Book Fairs, I haven't gotten married lately and I'm reasonably sure that I don't have any children. So, I guess I'll just have to fill up the rest of this page with news about my upcoming projects. The most exciting project (well, I find it exciting) is the pair of mini-series I'm working on for publication in 1983. The first is a quartet of *Wonder Man* solo adventures, in which Simon Williams becomes an ace trouble-shooter for the newly-formed Cordco, Inc. — an experimental subsidiary of Stark International that explores territory where no man, woman, gnome, mutant or certified public accountant has gone before. This one's already plotted, and is currently waiting for Jubilant John Romita, Jr. to take time from penciling that spider-person to lend Wandy his magic touch. The second mini-series is in its earlier stages, but will star none other than everyone's favorite electronics tinkerer and movie buff, *The Astonishing Ant-Man!* I can't say much about this one, except that it will have Scott Lang setting up his own business and will feature the first appearance of Mrs. Scott Lang!

Other than that, I will be penciling a fill-in issue of *X-Men* soon, and am slated to take over the inking on *Fantastic Four* next month. My latest book, *"Drawing Comics The Michelinie Way"*, should be in the stores by the time you read this--eh? Jim! What's wrong? No! Put that sledge hammer down! This is *my* typewriter! It's *my* c#RY*#SGUOPJE.#*$&))c#%c!!

AFTERMATH

Hello. This is Jim Shooter. We're sorry that David was unable to finish this column, but his typewriter... uh... broke. We do apologize and hope that you'll be back for Bullpen Bulletins next month.

I know I will.



THE HYPE BOX

AVENGERS #229 — ROGER STERN, AL MILGROM and BRETT BREEDING bring you the fate of Henry Pym, when *"The Final Curtain"* falls on his trial. Be here for the most shocking events of all in the life of one of Marvel's first – and most tragic – heroes.

BIZARRE ADVENTURES #34 — Special *Bizarre Christmas* issue brings lots of Yuletide fear, courtesy of MARK GRUENWALD, STEVEN GRANT, PAUL SMITH, MICHAEL CARLIN, LARRY HAMA, MARIE SEVERIN, BILL SIENKIEWICZ, AL MILGROM, HOWARD CHAYKIN and a carload of other holiday gift-givers.

THE NEW MUTANTS #1 — It's here at last, and well worth the wait – the first issue of the adventures of *Professor X*'s all-new band of teen-age heroes. They're young, unsure of their powers – and of their reason for being together. Will they make the grade? Find out as CHRIS CLAREMONT, BOB McLEOD and MIKE GUSTOVICH chronicle the new team's adventures.

SPIDEY MEETS SUBBIE *(in the funny papers!)* — This month, in his popular newspaper strip, Spidey meets The Sub-Mariner in an all-new totally different adventure thriller. If your local paper isn't running the web-slinger's adventures, drop their comics editor a line and tell 'im to get with it. We don't want you to be culturally deprived one minute longer!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ **MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #97** — The Thing, and Iron Man.
- ☐ **TEAM AMERICA #10**
- ☐ **SPIDER-WOMAN #48**
- ☐ **KING CONAN #16**
- ☐ **DAZZLER #25**
- ☐ **KA-ZAR #24**
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #192**
- ☐ **RED SONJA #2**
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #230**
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #279**
- ☐ **THOR #329**
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS #51**
- ☐ **GHOST RIDER #78**
- ☐ **MOON KNIGHT #29**
- ☐ **INDIANA JONES #3**
- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #281**
- ☐ **AVENGERS #229**
- ☐ **CONAN #144**
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #148** — Reprints *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #12* by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO.
- ☐ **X-MEN #167**
- ☐ **ROM #40**
- ☐ **POWER MAN/IRON FIST #91**
- ☐ **G. I. JOE #9**
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #252**
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #128** — Spider-Man and the Watcher!
- ☐ **IRON MAN #168**
- ☐ **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #76**
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #117**
- ☐ **STAR WARS #68**
- ☐ **MASTER OF KUNG FU #122**
- ☐ **THE OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE #3** — C–D including Drs. Doom & Strange!

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #85**
- ☐ **CRAZY #93**
- ☐ **BIZARRE ADVENTURES #34**
- ☐ **EPIC #16** — Cover and most of the inside material by BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH.
- ☐ **MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL #34: THE DARK CRYSTAL** — The official adaptation of the Henson Associates spectacular.
- ☐ **MARVEL FANFARE #7**

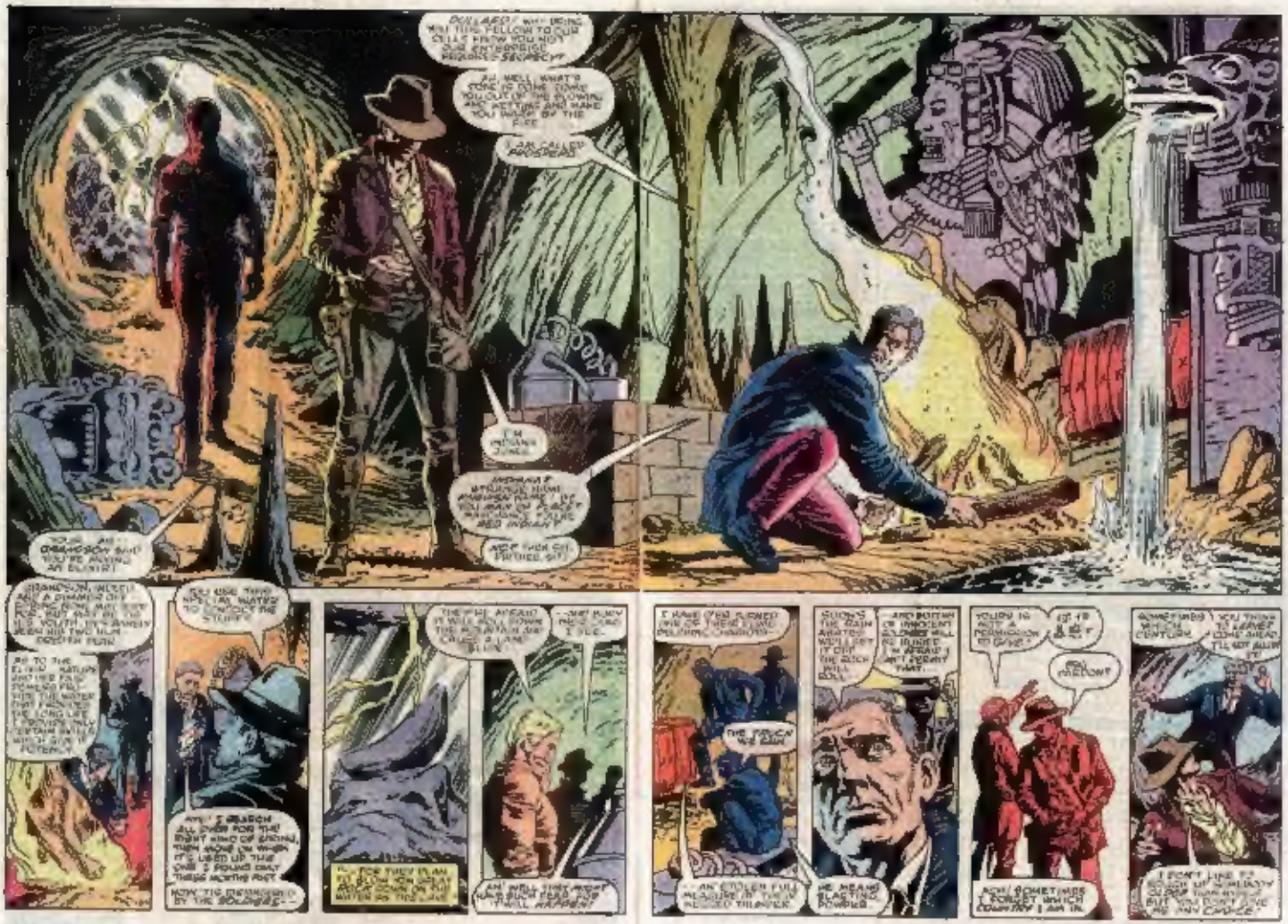
MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVELS

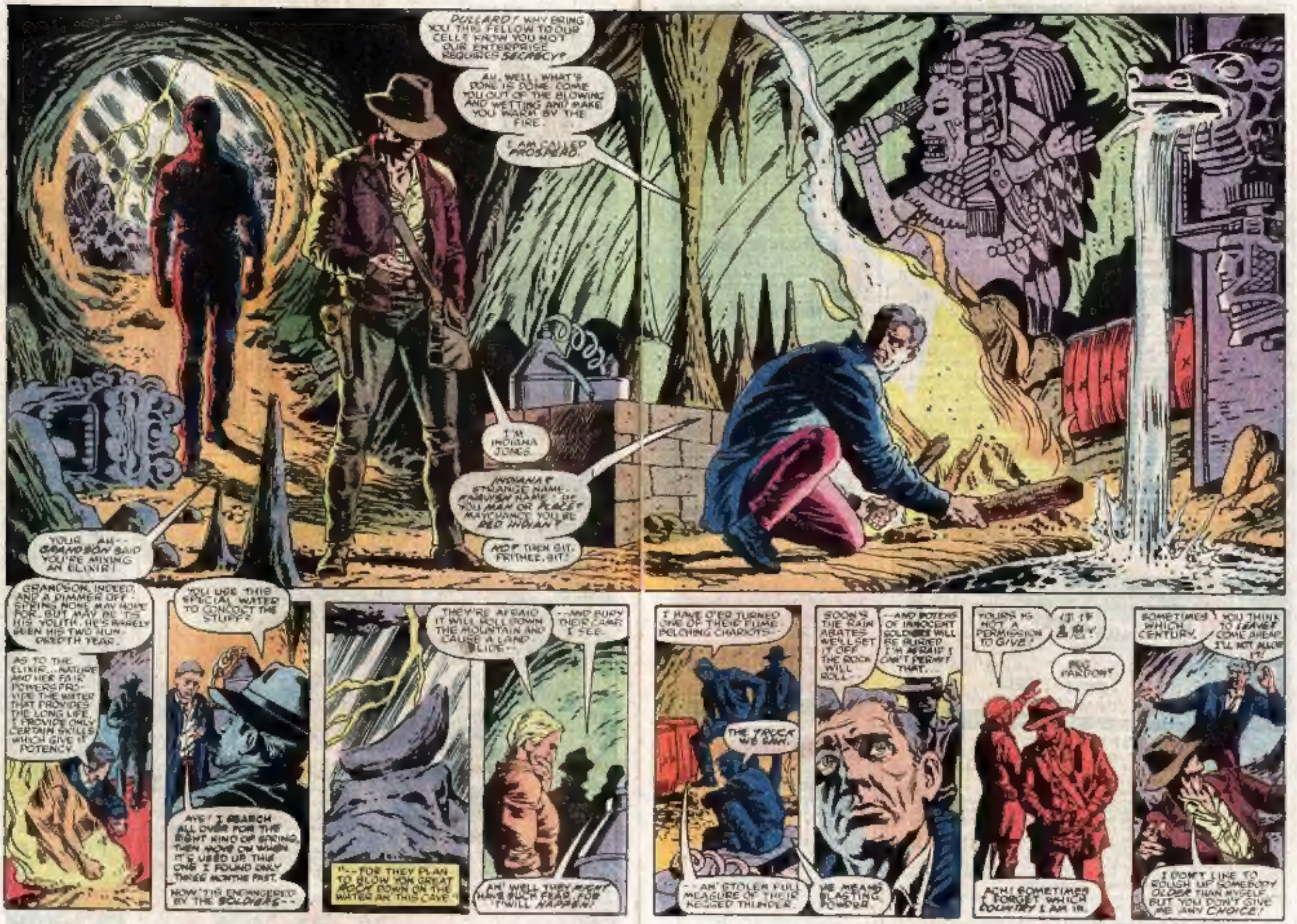
- ☐ **THE STAR SLAMMERS** — Story and art by WALT SIMONSON.

SPECIAL EVENTS

- ☐ **DOCTOR STRANGE SPECIAL EDITION #1** — Reprinting, in a high quality format, STEVE ENGLEHART and FRANK BRUNNER's classic **Silver Dagger** stories from Doctor Strange #'s 1-5.
- ☐ **WARLOCK #4** — Re-presenting Warlock #'s 12, 13 and 14, by JIM STARLIN.
- ☐ **DREADSTAR #2** — Continuing JIM STARLIN's extraterrestrial saga.
- ☐ **THE HULK VS. QUASIMODO #1** — Our own adaptation of the first episode of the Incredible Hulk animated TV series.

BRAMB
PRITHEE, BE GONE, ERE I CLOUT THEE, LOWLY SON OF A [illegible]!
YOU'RE ALIVE...
AND YOU... SAVED ME?
THE CAVE'S BURIED. THE SPRING'S GONE. THE DAMAGE IS DONE. WE'VE NO CAUSE FOR FUTHER QUARREL. WE SHOULD BE FRIENDS.
COME, MY GRANDSON AWAITS. HE HATH A PATHWAY OFF THESE WRETCHED PEAKS. MAKE HASTE.
OKAY. YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL. BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE SIX MONTHS YOU SAID YOU NEED TO DISTILL THE ELIXIR!
WHAT WILL YOU DO? WILL YOU BE ABLE TO FIND ANOTHER SOURCE OF THE ELIXIR IN TIME?
INDIANA, I HAVE LIVED FOR OVER FOUR CENTURIES AND HAVE KEPT THIS YOUNG DOLT ALIVE FOR TWO. SOMEHOW, I THINK WE WILL SURVIVE.
NEXT
STONEHENGE!


DOLLARS? WHY BRING HIM THIS FELLOW TO OUR CITY? KNOW YOU NOT OUR ENTERPRISE REQUIRES SECRECY?
AH, WELL, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. THINK YOU OUT OF THE SLOWING AND TIES AND HANG YOU BOTH BY THE FIRE
DR. CALLED ROSENBERG
DOOM
I'M INTERESTED, SURE...
INDIANS? WHATEVER HIM? WHATEVER MAKE IT EASY? WHATEVER FOLKS RED INDIANS?
WELL THEN OK! FIGURES, SIR!
YOU'RE AN OBSERVATION BUT YOU'RE ACTING AN ELEVATE
[SHANGHAI, NEXT!] SAILS A DINNER OF [illegible] NOW MAY SOME FOR BUT MUST BE TO THE YOUTH [illegible] BEGINNING THE BLOOD [illegible]
AS TO THE ELSE NATION ANOTHER FAST STANDING FAR WITH THE WATER FROM IN THE LONG LIFE [illegible] WITH SIGN IT POTENCY
YOU USE THIS NEXT TO WATER TO CONQUER THE TRIBE
AH! I SEARCH ALL OVER FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF SHRINE, THEN MORE OR WHEN IT'S USED UP THAT ONE I FOUND ONLY THESE MONTHS PAST
HOW TIC DEFENDED BY THE SOLDIERS--
THE PIC AGAIN! IT WILL BE DOWN THE PLAGUE AND CAUSE A JAM [illegible]
--BUT NOW WE'LL CURE IT QUICK.
FOR THEY PLAN TO BLOW TON OF ROCK DOWN ON PIT WITH DYNAMITE
AH WELL THAT MUST HAVE BEEN FEARFUL HOW WILL HAPPEN!
I HAVE YOU FLOWED ONE OF THESE TIMES [illegible] CHAMPION--
THE PEACH WAS EVEN
--AN STOLEN FULL [illegible] OF THE [illegible] TREASURE
QUICK'S THE RAIN AROUND WE'LL GET IT OFF THE RICH BOLL
--AND BOTTOM OR INNOCENT SOLDIERS WILL BE HURT I'M AFRAID I AM'T FORGET THAT...
HE MEANS BLOODTHIRSTY SAVAGES
YOURS IS NOT A PERMISSION TO GIVE!
IF I'D [illegible]
AGH! SOMETIMES I FORGET WHICH COUNTRY I AM IN.
SOMETIMES I WISH CENTURY
YOU THINK TO LEAVE? COME AHEAD I'LL NOT ALLOW IT!
I DON'T LIKE TO BEGIN UP ON MY GOOD TOWN MY BUT YOU DON'T GIVE ME ANY CHOICE!


DUELARD! WHY BRING YOU THIS FELLOW TO OUR CELL? KNOW YOU NOT OUR ENTERPRISE REQUIRES SECRECY?
AH, WELL, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. COME YOU OUT OF THE BLOWING AND WETTING AND MAKE YOU WARM BY THE FIRE.
I AM CALLED PROSPERO.
I'M INDIANA JONES.
INDIANA? STRANGE NAME. FARWEST NAME. DO YOU MEAN OR PERCE? MAYCHANCE YOU'RE RED INDIAN?
NO? THEN SIT. FRITHEE, SIT!
YOUR AH-- GRANDSON SAID YOU'RE MIXING AN ELIXIR?
GRANDSON, INDEED, AND A PIMMER OFF-SPRING NONE MAY MOVE FOR. BUT MAY BE 'TIS HIS YOUTH. HE'S BARELY SEEN HIS TWO HUNDREDTH YEAR.
AS TO THE ELIXIR... NATURE AND HER FAIR POWERS PROVIDE THE WATER THAT PROVIDES THE LONG LIFE. I PROVIDE ONLY CERTAIN SKILLS WHICH GIVE IT POTENCY.
YOU USE THIS SPECIAL WATER TO CONCOCT THE STUFF?
AYE! I SEARCH ALL OVER FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF SPRING. THEN MOVE ON WHEN IT'S USED UP. THIS ONE I FOUND ONLY THREE MONTHS PAST.
NOW 'TIS ENDANGERED BY THE SOLDIERS--
"--FOR THEY PLAN TO BLOW YON GREAT ROCK DOWN ON THE WATER IN THIS CAVE."
THEY'RE AFRAID IT WILL ROLL DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND CAUSE A LAND SLIDE--
--AND FURY THEIR CAVE, I SEE.
AH! WELL THEY MIGHT HAVE SUCH FEAR, FOR 'TWILL HAPPEN!
I HAVE O'ER TURNED ONE OF THEIR FUME-BELCHING CHARIOTS--
THE TRUCK WE RAN.
--AN' STOLEN FULL MEASURE OF THEIR HEISED THUNDER.
WE MEANS BLASTING POWDER.
SOON'S THE RAIN ABATES WE'LL SET IT OFF THE ROCK WILL ROLL--
--AND BOTHS OF INNOCENT SOLDIERS WILL BE RUINED I'M AFRAID I CAN'T PERMIT THAT.
YOURN NO NOT A PERMISSION TO GIVE!
BEG PARDON?
ACH! SOMETIMES I FORGET WHICH COUNTRY I AM IN.
SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHICH CENTURY.
YOU THINK TO LEAVER COME AHEAD. I'LL NOT ALLOW IT!
I DON'T LIKE TO ROUGH UP SOMEBODY OLDER THAN MYSELF BUT YOU DON'T GIVE ME ANY CHOICE!